

WEATHER BULLETIN.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WICHITA, Kan., Sept. 27.—The highest temperature was 79°, the lowest up to 7 p. m. was 49°, and the mean 62, with cloudless weather, light variable winds and very high barometer, 30.29 at 7 p. m.

Last year on Sept. 27, the highest temperature was 67°, the lowest 40°, and the mean 54°, and two years ago the corresponding temperatures were 65°, 50°, and 53°.

FRED L. JOHNSON, Observer.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 27, 8 p. m.—Forecast until 8 p. m. Sunday.

For Missouri—Fair Sunday and Monday, warmer, northerly winds.

For Kansas and Colorado—Fair, warmer, variable winds becoming southerly.

JUDGE W. C. WEBB NOMINATED.
TOPEKA, Kan., Sept. 27.—The Republican representative convention of the Forty-first district met at the court house this afternoon and went through the formality of nominating Judge W. C. Webb as the Republican candidate for representative, his nomination having been made practically at the primaries on Tuesday. Col. Webb, in the absence of Chairman Byron Roberts, called the convention to order and announced that he would not appear before the convention as a candidate. The resolutions endorse the state platform. George W. Crane was endorsed for state printer.

Cures in fifteen minutes; Preston's "Hed-Ake."

HAVE ORGANIZED.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27.—A dispatch from Denver says: Sensational reports have been received here from Mullen, Idaho, to the effect that settlers within a radius of fifty miles had organized for the purpose of wiping out the existence of the Nez Perce Indians, who for months past have amused themselves by burning towns, scalping the innocent and outraging defenseless women.

If fails, money refunded; Preston's "Hed-Ake."

WILL ENFORCE THE LAW.

LANSING, Mich., Sept. 27.—Governor Luce sent a letter to all the prosecuting attorneys in Michigan, ordering them to see to it that the new United States laws against lotteries be strictly enforced. This move was made at the request of the anti-lottery people of Michigan, and as far as Michigan is concerned the governor says the laws shall be enforced to the very letter.

If you have headache try Preston's "Hed-Ake."

THE PRISON CONGRESS.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 27.—The National Prison congress held but one session today, at which the report of the standing prison committee was read by Charles E. Felton, of Chicago. A number of the delegates accepted an invitation of members of the parole board to visit the Ohio penitentiary today.

Sure cure—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

SUSPENSION TEMPORARY.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 27.—The Bank of Madison, at Jackson, Tenn., suspended this morning. It was a state bank with a capital of \$500,000. President White has made an assignment of all his personal property for the benefit of his creditors. Liabilities \$230,000, assets \$225,000. Suspension temporary.

Cures while you wait—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

SCIENTIFIC SQUIBS.

The railway tunnel under the St. Clair river is said to be the greatest engineering work of the kind in the United States.

In the liquefied carbon acid gas of M. Giffard the want of a proper gas check has militated greatly against the success of the invention.

Through the use of the electric light the time in passing through the Suez canal has been reduced to twenty-two and one-half hours.

It is said that the hop vine is the best substitute for rugs in the manufacture of paper. The vine possesses great length, strength, flexibility and delicacy.

The use of refrigerators on board ship has greatly increased the loss of water from the main boilers, and the necessity for making up feed apparatus has grown correspondingly.

Experiments with brake shoes for the purpose of doing away with the disagreeable noise made when a train is being checked show that gun metal shoes are the most satisfactory.

After a series of very careful experiments Professor Colin, of Breslau, has found that the heating of damp hay to a temperature of 100° Fahrenheit is sufficient to cause spontaneous combustion in due to a fungus.

In a new lamp that has lately appeared a hollow carbon is used to form the arc, and the light is increased by introducing a hydro-carbon vapor to the arc through the bore of the carbon.

The "barking sands" of the Hawaiian group, as described by a recent scientific investigator, are found in dunes and are apparently fragments of shell and coral, which when disturbed slide down the slopes of the dunes, emitting a deep bass note unlike the buzz of a saw in a planing mill.

He Fills It With Charges.

"My latest bean ought to be satisfactory to you, papa."

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Kuller, the ice dealer."

"Why do you think a conscienceless ice dealer would be satisfactory to me?"

"Because he fills the bill, papa."

Yenowine's News.

A Voluble Person.

"I tell you, Mr. Jenks is a nice man."

"Yes?"

"Yes. I talked to him over an hour, and he agreed to everything I said and never interrupted me but once, and that was to say there was a bug on my dress collar, and even then he apologized."

Danville Breeze.

Merry, Though Moribund.

"Te-he" laughed the dying man. "It's the greatest joke on Bill."

"What is?" asked the doctor.

"I was a-going to commit suicide today, anyhow, and Bill came along and murdered me—and, be-gosh, they'll hang him. Te-he"—Louisville Courier Journal.

Credit in England.

The American dealer in men's wear may well consider the cash trade which comes over his shoulder as a blessing, since it is too large for a man who has not learned to appreciate it. Here in England everything is credit, and the length of a credit is too often gauged by the length of one's ancestry, rather than that of one's purse. No more deadly insult can be offered to a gentleman than the request for a cash, or even early, payment. A bill is rendered at the end of the month if not, as often the case, the year, and should that not be settled it is proper form to merely repeat the bill in another thirty days.

He it said to the honor of the English gentleman that he values his good credit immensely, but he requires its demonstration by a patience on the part of his elected furnisher which was a little sort of martyrdom if that individual did not get back on his jobber, and so on ad infinitum. Social usages are paramount, and in a man with a capital embarked in business mean little short of genteel slavery till the end of his days.—Cor. Cletcher and Furnisher.

LOVE'S COMING.

Love came to me in life so late
That time had almost lost the gate—
So late it seemed the door was barred,
Boots shut, and all the house rough scarred
That owned my habitation gave no sign
Of welcome to the old dog leaver,
For Love with all his power divine
Had come so late.

It seemed that none would ever come
In answer to his knock, though some
Sweet thought stirred restless in my breast,
Lonesome walked from the long rest;
So strange were such fair visitors that
Love came and called, and called again,
It was at first in vain for them
It seemed too late.

No chamber had my soul prepared
Against his coming, none had dared
Foretell his advent, it did seem
More of a sweet, unstable dream—
Before his summons, sweet and clear, rang out
Of fancy, passion street, his shout
Seemed all too late.

No rich feast had been spread for him;
All the guest chamber lights burned dim,
For few had come that way to claim
A rooming place—on this hand
Had fled long, long before Love came—
And yet the close gates opened wide
At his approach; bolts shot aside:
All the bright lights flared, and loud
Bang out the welcome of the crowd.

My soul's best minstrelsy led welcome him,
Bright grew my dimmest, darkest dream,
For after all it did not seem
Love came too late.

—Richard K. Lyon in Indianapolis Journal.

A LOVER'S STRATEGY.

Mr. Tilden was a man of "advanced ideas," as the phrase goes. He flattered himself that he had educated his only daughter accordingly. He also believed in the power and advantages of wealth, and having a goodly share of it himself, had carefully arranged a match between Jennie and young Lathrop, whose father was president of the board of trade, and had a good deal of goodly wealth scattered in a score of safe and durable investments.

Mr. Tilden loved to argue, and as young Dr. Delavan was quite a conservative the two would discuss various radical themes in the most amiable manner, with the doctor mostly on the negative side. Yet—in practice—Mr. Tilden believed in the powers that be, and had arranged his daughter's future as advantageously as if all his fine scientific ideas were intended—like the smoke of his cigar—for mere evaporation.

George Delavan had been away for several years at college, and had but recently returned with his sheepskin. He had not yet definitely located himself for practice, and while waiting had called upon Mr. Tilden, who received him with discreet cordiality. Miss Jennie, sitting by, hardly ever did more than listen to the fine topographical theories discussed pro and con. One night—perhaps because he was a little cornered in some argument concerning woman's fitness and usefulness for certain things—the doctor said:

"Well, sir, you may be right, yet I should like to tell you something of an affair that I knew of at our medical college. It is a love story. I don't suppose you will be interested, yet it will puzzle you, I think, to apply your favorite principles in such a case."

"Go on, Doc. I've known you from boyhood, and we hardly ever agree on anything. But I like a good story. As for my principles, if they can't stand a little friction let 'em suffer."

At the words "love story" Jennie, who was seated near by with a newspaper, looked up, then meeting Delavan's eye blushed slightly and resumed her reading.

"I had a friend at college," said George, "who was poor like myself, and named Adam Smith. From a child he had lived close by a wealthy man whose only daughter we will call Nellie. As children the two had met and played together, and a childish intercourse had been kept up until both grew near to man and womanhood. Then, as he was poor and she was rich, Adam grew shy, and they saw each other less and less. Yet, by looks and various other unspoken methods, they continued to manifest their unchanging regard for each other."

"Finally Adam went to college. For a while they would meet in vacation time, but the growing difference in their social positions made itself felt more than ever. Jennie's parents were ambitious, and never thought of Adam as presuming to be a suitor for her hand. But he was proud and their indifference stung him. Nellie, it is true, was always kind to him, yet in his pride he fancied that pity and not love prompted her manner toward him. This strengthened his determination to win a high position, and so he decided to study medicine."

"Of course this meant years of struggle and self denial for himself. What was he to do about Nellie? He had a fine sense of honor, and at last convinced himself that he would luxuriate in the trials and the poverty she would have to bear as the wife of a poor man. He saw in his profession his only chance to distinguish himself, yet how could he impose those hardships on her whose happiness is dearer to him than his own? Yet you will see, sir, that the exigencies of his position had perhaps made him a little morbid."

"Well, perhaps," said Mr. Tilden, "too much so, I think. I should not have given her up."

"But, Doc, though, and for two years would not trust himself to return home. But, having at last won his diploma, he came back to see his mother, and also to decide upon a professional location for himself. But, once back near the old scenes, countless memories he had been striving to outlive returned upon him. Though he struggled against them, he chafed under his resolution not to think of Nellie again. I do not know how all this might have ended had not his inward struggles been checked from an outward and unexpected source."

"He had heard rumors of Nellie's engagement to the son of a rich and influential man. Indeed he soon saw this young gentleman passing in and out at her father's house almost daily. They were not really engaged, however, but her relatives favored his suit. She had several times refused him, yet he persevered, and in time his persistence might have its effect. She also knew that Adam had been home for some time, yet he had not called upon her, and she had been told that he was soon to leave. How was she to know that he yet cared for her?"

"Out of piety, perhaps, she encouraged the rich man's suit. But in his self conceit the latter spoiled it all; for finding himself so well received he felt to flatter himself by grossly disparaging his less fortunate rival."

"Many others," he said to her, "would aspire to your hand did they feel themselves worthy of you. Why, there's a student over the way whom they say used to be devoted to you. I've actually seen him looking after you on the street. Only the other night he sat at his window by moonlight and stared over here, and I am told he makes a practice of it. I dread the poor devil is yet in love with you. It's quite ridiculous, considering his position, for they say he is as poor as Job's turkey, and of no family to speak of. Such presumption would be insolent if it were not laughable."

"But Nellie. That night she paced the floor of her room for hours. Her heart went out to her old sweetheart, for she began to comprehend what he had endured, and to realize something of the nature of his long self denial. And now he was to drift away from her forever. What could she do but cast him in her power? What could she do but cast him in her power? What could she do but cast him in her power?"

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"Well, George," replied the old gentleman, "I believe I would. What else could she do?"

"True; but how should she let him know? Then she remembered that it was leap year. While fumbling undecidedly in a secretary for paper she came across a quaint, hand made envelope, inclosing a pink paper heart, with these words printed thereon in a cramped, boyish hand:

"This was mine, but now it's yours."

"Adam."

"She recollected that he had given this to her years before, when spelling was a greater mystery to them both than now. With a brave she wrote underneath:

"And mine is yours."

"She sealed it up, addressed it to him and hurried with it to the postoffice. No speculator, risking his last dollar upon the hourly fluctuations of the money market, ever trembled more for the result of his venture than did Nellie now. It was leap year, but he might not think of it, or remember his childish valentine. Perhaps he would think her overbold, or fail to understand. Yet she saw no other more manly way to let him know that she was still true."

"The suit by the window that day until she saw Adam go by upon his way to the postoffice. A few moments later she saw him come back, evidently in a state of much excitement. As he passed he glanced up at her window, with eyes that told her he had read her message, and that he understood. She rewarded him with an angelic smile, then hid her face blushing, while he walked home as if treading on air."

"That night a great opera troupe was to give a single performance in town, and everybody that was anybody would undoubtedly be there. Adam knew that Nellie loved such entertainments, and he went early to get a sight of her there. Somehow, under the gaze of hope revived, he did not think of going to her house as yet. Knowing that his suit would be opposed by her father he thought great caution would be necessary in his approaches. After the opera began he saw that Nellie was not there, though the rest of her family were conspicuously present. Slowly the truth dawned upon him. She was doubtless at home waiting for him to call."

"The house was crowded, but he struggled back through the press, and in ten minutes was in her presence, where he passed the happiest two hours of his life. Yet there was trouble ahead. They loved each other—it was like death for them to separate—yet her father was violently opposed to their union, as she told him with tears in her eyes."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Tilden. "They should have got married anyhow; my principles will bear me out there."

"Yet, if you hear all," said George, "I fear you will change your mind."

"Oh, well! They married or they didn't marry; what's the odds?"

"It is not yet decided."

"Bliss met! When did it all happen? Seems to me though, in such a case, that love should win anyhow."

"I am glad you say so, sir, for the issue rests largely with you."

Mr. Tilden stared at George and his face lengthened. Then his gaze was directed to his daughter, who lowered her face over the sheet she was making. A slow rise of color was flushing the very tips of her little ears. It was replaced by a sudden pallor at the next sound of her father's voice.

"What does this mean, Jennie?" he asked rather sternly, she thought.

Tears were in her eyes as she raised them to his. Her lips moved silently, prayerfully while George waited with suspended breath. Then the father spoke. The question was superfluous. If he had been blind before he could not help understanding now.

"I had other views for you, Jennie," he said at length. "But—ah, well! I stand by my principles, though I think you took rather an unfair advantage of me, George. If all this is true, however, you both have a loved too long for me to interfere. Be happy if you can." He shook his head and chuckled to himself as he started to leave the room. "Gad!" said he, "what a way the lad took to make himself solid. Jennie matches him, though. They will make their way, else there's no virtue in shrewdness—or, or—check."

He went out more amused than vexed. The lovers threw themselves into each other's arms—William Perry Brown in Yankee Blade.

Kind Hearted Gulls.
One bitter cold day—a shipload of us—were lying at the wharf at Astoria. The river was frozen, we were waiting for the ice to break. Astoria, on its innumerable piers, with its dull storehouses and its scattered houses straggling up the hills among the burnt pines, does not offer many attractions to the tourist at any time. When it is buried in snow it is desolate. The long days were unbroken by any event. The ice seemed to be getting firmer. We were perishing with cold.

That is how we got to watching the crows. These poor things were dying with starvation, and they could not resist the temptation to hover about the ship. They could not get the food out of the water, but stood on the blocks of ice and looked cynically down into the waves at the dripping bits of refuse. The poor black wretches could not stand still on the ice, or their feet would have been frozen fast; so they shifted from one leg to another in a manner which gave them the appearance of dancing.

All about, with screams and flapping of wings, flew a flock of gulls, snatching the food from the water and fighting in fierce good fellowship. Soon we noticed a sort of understanding between the black birds and the white ones. For while the sable birds pounced and dived, while the gulls busied themselves picking up bits of food, and depositing them within reach of their starving neighbors. And we all looked and wondered to see the dumb creatures helping each other in their dire distress, and pondered on the language of those creatures we arrogantly call dumb.—Interview in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Guide of Arizona. A Benedictine monk, is said to have invented in 1922 the modern method of writing music by designating the different sounds of the octave by points distributed upon lines at a space.

A Lad Who Has Saved Five Lives. Harry Moore is a brave lad. Although but 17 years old he has already saved the lives of five people, and a reward is now on foot to secure for him the award of a medal which he has fairly earned. When but 10 years of age he rescued his little sister from drowning. That was his first feat. Others followed in due course. His last exploit was to save the lives of five men in a canoe when he was in swimming when he learned that a girl who had gone beyond her depth had sunk for the third time. He went to her aid and brought her to land, although she greatly impeded his efforts by clutching him around the throat. He sprained one arm and broke one of his fingers in the desperate struggle for life. Young Moore is a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., and works as a clerk in a New York shipping office.

That Is Why.
"A toad gets angrier than any other animal."

"I wonder why?"

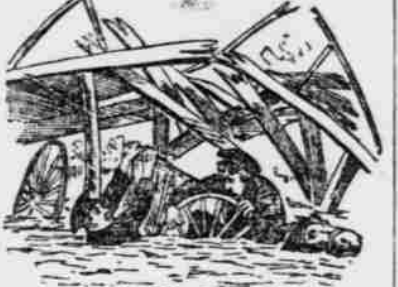
"I suppose it is because if he loses his temper at all he gets hopping mad."—Epoch.

A Compliment.
Alice—Why, Edith, is that you? What a pretty bonnet you have on!
Edith—Do you think I look well in it?
Alice—Yes, indeed—I hardly knew you.—Munsey's Weekly.

It Was Wrong.
Stern Parent—This is a nice time to come down in the morning, John. Look at my watch; 9:30! Now, is this right?
Young Hopeful—No, sir; it's not right; it's fast.—America.

Pears' Soap is the most elegant toilet adjunct.

Dressed for the Occasion.



Summer Shore Dweller (as the buckboard goes through the bridge)—Hang on, Billy! It isn't as bad as it might be. Billy—I know it, Sam. We've got our yachting caps on!—Puck.

Bradycotone cures headaches for Z. J. Edmundson, Eaton.

TRAITS OF CIGAR SMOKERS.

A nervous man who fumbles his cigar a great deal is a sort of popinjay among men. The man who smokes a bit, rests a bit and fumbles the cigar more or less is affected by circumstances.

The fond stands his cigar on end and an experienced smoker points it straight ahead or almost at right angles with his course.

Beware of the man who never releases his grip on the cigar and is indifferent whether it burns or not; he is cool, calculating and exacting.

If a man smokes his cigar only enough to keep it lighted and relishes taking it out of his mouth to watch the curl of smoke in the air set him down as a "going man."

Why suffer? Preston's "Hed-Ake" will cure you.

The Carriage for the Better.
Tom—Fred wants to borrow \$5 of you, Jack.
Jack—What does he want it for?
Tom—He's going away.
Jack—Going away? Good! Here's ten.—Epoch.

Another Thing.
"Did you tell Skittles that I was an infamous liar?"
"No, I did not. Quite the reverse, in fact. I said you were a famous one."—New York Sun.

It cures headache only—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

THE OASIS.
Does sight deceive? are yonder palms outlines
Against the lurid sky a desert dream?
Of oases have I never gleamed
Of fountains bubbling up?
Now the freshening wind
From their dim forests and shadowy cool and kind
Awaits before. The camels scent the stream
Of welcome waters. Soon the day orb's beam
Our hot and aching eyes no more will blind.

Flow soft the greenward lei and O what bliss
To feel upon our lips the water's kiss!
And hark! as clear as flute heard in Phara
The nightingale's sweet day's calm coo.
The while we seek the garden of repose,
Our tent the night, our lights the watchful stars.
—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Headaches no more. Bradycotone cures every case.

Wanted something smaller.
Prospector—If you are at all interested in geological specimens, madam, will you not accept some of those beautiful specimens of quartz?
Mrs. Mushroom—They are almost too large for me to carry. Have you no pints?—America.

The Bride.
Mrs. Cusmo—Take care how you hold the baby, John. The sun is shining on his face.
Mr. Cusmo—I don't care. I've often thought a tanning would do him good.—Munsey's Weekly.

Beecham's Pills cure bilious and nervous ills.

A Great Scheme.
"Hypnotism is a great thing. I can hypnotize any one; and what I desire the subject to do he does."

"See here, professor," said the little tailor, "I'll give you 10 per cent. on all the collections you can hypnotize out of my customers."—Harper's Bazar.

A Great Scheme.
Doctor—What your wife needs, sir, is more outdoor exercise.
Economical Husband—Exactly. I will put the washout out in the backyard, and have an awning stretched over it.—Burlington Free Press.

Immediate relief by using Preston's "Hed-Ake."

Wasted Pity.
A traveler in a backwoods community, attracted by a noise in a cabin not far from the roadside, stopped, and, addressing a boy that sat on a fence, said:
"You live about here, I suppose?"
"Yes, just about."

"Well, can you tell me what makes that peculiar noise up yonder in that cabin?"
"Yes, it's pap an' mam."

"What are they doing—beating a carpet?"
"Nop, beatin' no nuther."

"Who said I did?"
"I mean, it is possible!"
"That's what it is!"
"What are they beating each other for?"
"Cause they're fightin'!"
"It is possible that you sit here so complacently and see your father beat your mother?"
"I don't see him beatin' her."

"Yes, but you know that he is."

"I know he's tryin' to. If you're here to play mam, mister, you'd better ride on. Mam's the boss up there. I'll tell you that. Hail on, did you hear that thump? Well, that was dad a-comin' down on the punch in 'em. Mam kiste him, but she let him drop himself. Reckon you'd better go on, or stay and play pap awhile."—Chicago Herald.

Preston's "Hed-Ake" is a specific for headache.

Sulpho-Saline Water.
Is a mild laxative and
Sparkling morning drink—Bottled at
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

An Unreasonable Customer.
In a shop where birds are stuffed:
"No, I am not at all satisfied. You stuffed my poor dear parrot scarcely a twelvemonth ago, and now all the feathers are coming off."

"Well, madam, you should give us credit for the faithful manner in which we imitate nature. What bird did you ever see, no matter of what climate, that did not moult once a year?"—Judge.

Welcome Home.
Duchess of Borroville (to attendant)—Who knocks at the castle gate at this unseasonable hour?

Attendant (excitedly)—It is thy son. He brings with him an American wife with a purse large enough to pay all the family debts.

Duchess (with emotion)—Admit my son and the purse.—New York Weekly.

Do not be induced to take any other preparation if you have decided to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Light and Airy.
Not a Conquest.
With respectful admiration
That suggested fascination,
The man across the horse car sat and stared
Across at me,
Till a feeling of elation,
And a sort of palpitation
Of the heart resulted from his flattering persistency.

He kept his eyes bent on me,
And his adoration on me,
Till he leaned across and spoke, with an apologetic cough,
Then I flushed in every feature,
For he said—the horrid creature—
"Beg your pardon, ma'am, for speaking, but your hair is dropping off."

Immediate, harmless—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

CHAWWAD GRAND. M. L. CHAWWAD, Manager.

Three Nights and Saturday Matinee,
October 2, 3 and 4.

A Cyclonic Disturber of Risibilities.

The Ferguson and Mack

Comedy Company,

Under the Direction of

MR. CHARLES E. RICE,

Presenting the Mirth Provoking Farce

MCCARTHY'S MISHAPS

BY BARNEY FERGUSON.

New Music, Songs and Dances, Funny

Situations and Ludicrous Antics.

A Revolution in Laughter.

Barney Ferguson as Denis McCarthy

Seats of sale Monday, September 30, at the box office. Parties living out of the city can secure a half fare rate on railroads during this engagement.

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